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"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives your complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 21. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1944.

Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

This is to express a few thoughts on the political outlook as it effects us here in Nevada County. We are not much concerned in purely county or municipal politics because from long experience we know that in the smaller political units the people who live next door to the candidates, know all about them, and are seldom proved wrong in their conclusions.

But before us is a choice of two men who are running for Congress in the Second District, Congressman Clair Engle, elected to the unexpired term of the late Harry Englebright, and State Senator Jesse M. Mao, defeated in the same election, who for many years represented this county in the state assembly and who is now in the state senate, and again seeks the Second District seat in House of Representatives.

We note with some surprise that Congressman Engle voted to sustaine the president's veto of the late tax bill thereby aligning himself with the minority New Dealers in congress, and against the Republicans and Southern Democrats. He had also a leading part in publicizing conditions at Tule Lake. We have lately deplored the excessive excoriation of the Japs, especially those at Tule Lake as tending to make the lot of white persons, military and civilian, still in Jap prison camps, harder. That the State Department in recent months is no longer able to negotiate another, a third, exchange of prisoners with the Japs, we believe directly results from all the agitation regarding the Tule Lake scandal and proposed deportation of Japs when the war ends. We are in accord with the thought that alien Japs be deported as soon as feasible, and that the management of Jap camps in this country be radically improved, but we think much of the agitation, at this time, has been ill advised and we suspect that much of it was grist in political mills.

We doubt if Congressman Engle, in the brief time given him, has done anything to warrant sending him back there as minority member in a congress which gives every indication becoming prepondenatingly Republican beginning 1945. The fact that he voted with minority New Dealers to sustain the president's tax veto probably indicates his tendencies, not so much on the matter of taxes, but as doing for labor what labor wants done. For we cannot forget that, in all probability, President Roosevelt's veto was due not to tax aspects of the bill, but to an effort to placate Phillip Murray and the CIO, who objected to the rider in the bill, compelling labor to account for the vast sums it plucks from union members in dues and extortionate initiation fees.

When the war is over we shall have plenty of trouble with labor leaders grown arrogant under the president's 12 year coddling and favoritism, We would hardly benefit ourselves in the Second District by re-electing a man whose experiences at Redding, where labor unions for a short time, at least, were obstreperously, obnoxious, lead him to think that the entire second district approves the president's labor policies. This district has two industries, lumber and mines, in which attempts will be made to recruit union members when the war is done. There will be no objection to this provided labor organizations are made as responsible for industrial peace as are corporations and employers generally. But this has not been our experience in Nevada County. In a Republican year we believe we should be represented in congress by a Republican whose views on labor policies have been tested in several years in the state assembly and more lately in the state senate.

So far as our farming and livestock industries are concerned, they are inclined to look with suspicion on all labor organizations. This is due to the fact that have always have been the first to be squeezed in disputes between industrial concerns and labor. It was only by heroic struggle that farmers have been able to maintain their right to drive their own trucks, to market their own crops in those trucks, and to sell their produce free from labor exactions. Even now, with a free market in San Francisco, supported by both farmers and consumers, due to union labor opposition the whole project hangs in the balance. It will be a long time before farmers will be able to get prices for their crops that will enable them to pay wages commensuate with those paid in other industries. Our labor coddling New Dealers in Washington, therefore, need expect little support from agriculture in the Second District.

COMMUNITY CARD PARTY COMING UP WEDNESDAY NIGHT

By MRS. A. J. HEETHER

The card party which is being given at the Elks Hall Wednesday night will start promptly at 8 p. m. Reservations do not have to be made to play cards. So come early and get your tables. The master of ceremonies, R. J. Bennetts, who has so kindly consented to assist, will be introduced just before card playing starts. Rev. Virgil Gabrielle will also assist. Lloyd Geist will then lead in singing "God Bless America' accompanied by Mrs. Hitchens at the piano. Do you know Mr. Geist, Father Gabrielle, Doris Foley and Louise Polglase are the ones who will collect the money? There will be two young ladies who will be dressed in Red Cross uniforms to hand out the tickets and you had better hang on to them as there are five door prizes.

The playing of cards will then start. What games? Bridge, whist, pedro, cribbage, pinochle and mah jongg. And do you know the fellow with the broad smile? He will be there to award the door prizes. Who is he? Rev. Cedric Porter! who will be assisted by Rev. Gabrielle. The door prizes will be awarded at the end of the 8th hand of whist. As the numbers are called out the two girls in uniform will deliver them to the ones who hold the lucky numbers.

At the end of the 16th hand the scores will be collected and many prizes will be awarded. Where did the prizes come from? From people of Nevada City. Then there will be those pies and cakes donated by several of the city's good cooks, which will be auctioned off by Rev. Porter. Then there will be those doughnuts, made especially for you, and you and you! Coffee? I'll say! Made by George Carter, aided by Ray Worthley. Irving Long, Hilmen Kjorlie and Andy Holmes—attention Andy! And U. S. N. Johnson of the Bret Harte Dairy who so generously donated two gallons of cream—yes, I said Cream!

Then there's that $8,300 which seems to be such a headache so remember give all you can it will not only help to reach our quota, but help to save the lives of many of our boys, who are all fighting so hard for us. So come and give all you can and we'll call it the end of a perfect day.

GRASS VALLEY TO GET ADVICE ON AIRPORT

The committee studying the post war plan for a Grass Valley airport for the chamber of commerce, headed by Dr. O. F. Lang, has invited Ray I. Hess, district engineer for the Civil Aeronautics Administration, to visit Grass Valley at an early date, and give the committee advice respecting air field sites.

A letter received from R. W. Schmidt of Santa Monica, superintendent of airport services for the Civil Aeronautics Administration, stated that Grass Valley has a classification 3 for airport development when the war ends, which is far higher than anything now afforded in the county.

TIME TELLS OF MAJ. CHAPMAN'S CASSINO ATTACK

Major Warren C. Chapman born in this city and graduate of the Nevada City High School now fighting on the Cassino front in Italy, received a mention in the current issue of Time magazine. It reads:

"Major Warren C. Chapman (Nevada City, California), attacking a strongly held building, called for artillery fire at a point only 75 yards for his own men. Five direct hits landed on the place. Said Chapman: 'When the smoke was cleared the building wasn't there any more.'

Chapman left Washington by military plane January 20th, as an officer replacement. He landed first in Algires, according to letters received by his father, Dr. C. W. Chapman of this city, a week later he was in the thick of the fight at Cassino, and leading an infantry detachment in attack. Major Chauman graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1939.

FOUR IN RACE FOR THREE SEATS ON CITY COUNCIL

There are four in the race for the three seats on the Nevada City Council. Only one incumbent, Irvine Seaman, is a candidate for re-election. The other three who have filed their nomination petitions are Ernest Young, for several years an employe of the city, Irving Long, insurance man, and Antone J. Rore, former fire chief and employe of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

Two incumbent councilmen declined to enter the race. They are Dr. J. R. Ivey and Frank Davies. Two councilmen whose terms expire two years hence are Al Bates and Mayor Ben Hall.

Deadline for filing nominations was Saturday noon. The election will take place April 11th.

RED CROSS FUNDS GROWING FAST IN TWIN CITIES

Richard J. Bennetts, chairman of the Nevada City Red Cross drive, reported yesterday that $4,800 has been raised toward its quota of $8 - outlying towns, which are included Truckee, North San Juan and other outlying towns, which ahe included in the Nevada City Chapter's drive, but which no report has yet been received.

Mrs. Lawrence Taylor, chairman of the Red Cross drive in Grass Valley, has announced that collections as of Saturday amounted to $8,713, which is 51 per cent of its quota of $17,100 to be raised.

CONSERVATION WEEK IN SCHOOLS

Continuing the observance of Conservation Week, forest service officials with the aid of County School Superintendent Walter Carlson, District Superintendent of Nevada City Schools, H. E. Kjorlie, and teachers, Friday displayed their series of forest movies in Nevada City High and Elementary Schools. During the week the pictures have been shown in several rural sections, a number of schools combining for the event.

Beginning Monday the movies will be shown in the Grass Valley schools. In these srowing Ranger Paul Case always allows time for a question and answer period. Pupils are invited to write essays upon conservation themselves using pictures as spring board for their themes. Judges will select the best of these and announce names of the authors.

Mrs. A. J. Heether entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cole of Sacramento over Friday and Saturday.

MASONIC OLD BRASS LANTERN SHINES AGAIN

A big, square brass lantern that once burned kerosene, lighting the doorway of the Masonic Hall when it was completed in 1864, has been resurrected, polished and fitted with an electric lamp and now hangs over the Pine Street doorway of the hall. In gilt on the glass sides is the Masonic emblem of square and compass.

The lantern was discovered during renovations made in the hall, which include remodeling a portion of it and adding an amusement and recreation room for use of members.

RICHARD TUTTLE, HUN PRISONER, WRITES MOTHER

In a letter to friends in this city, Mrs. Claire Tuttle, widow of the late Justice Raglan Tuttle, writes that she has at length heard from her son, Richard Tuttle, 8th American Air Force bombadier lost on a mission over Germany, last November.

She states that a card in her son's handwriting has been received through the Red Cross, the first since she was notified he was a prisoner in Germany. He wrote, "though this isn't a bed of roses, everything is O. K. and I am well."

REPORTS RISE IN COUNTY YOUTH DELINQUENCY

A. W. McGagin, county probation officer, rendering his report to the probation committee, calls attention to a considerable increase in juvenile delinquency.

His report shows that for 1942 he handled 64 cases involving truancy, moral lapses, petty theft, drinking, unfit homes, runaways, malicious mischief, and robbery. The number of boys dealt with was 66, and girls 55.

In 1943 the number of cases McGagin handled was 80, in which 101 boys were involved and 46 girls. Due to the fact that a large number of homes were without tenants at times, window smashing last year showed a considerable increase. Vandalism accounts for reprimands and discipline for 47 boys included in the total. The number of girl delinquents however, shows a decrease under the 1942 total.

The establishment of a detention home on the Murchie Road, just outside Nevada City, the report points out last year saved the county $1,000.

ST. PATRICKS DAY BENEFIT

A St. Patrick's Day party will be given by the Peardale and Forest Springs Farm Centers Friday evening, March 17th, in Peardale Hall on the Colfax Road to which urban friends of the members from Grass Valley and Nevada City are cordially invited.

The proceeds of the party are to be divided in benefits to Nevada County Censervation District and the Red Cross. Motion pictures will be shown early in the evening and dancing will follow. Refreshments will be served by the Home Department committee.

FOOD SURVEY

The Nevada City Price and Ration Board offices will be closed Tuesday and Thursday, it is announced by the secretary, Miss Eleanor Vanberg, to permit her and Mrs. J. J. Jackson to make food surveys in this city and in the upper end of the county.

They will visit Washington, North San Juan, French Corral and other centers.

FURLOUGHED MEN SEE HOME FRONT IN NEW LIGHT

By LEONE BAXTER

What the furloughed fighter expects to find on home soil during his brief respite from battle is one thing. What he is finding, according to reports from the men themselves, is quite another.

One man considers the gayety in the overflowing cocktail bars and night spots pretty nauseating after a two year bout with bombs and bullets. Another pegs the public attitude toward the war as that of a ball game in its hugely enjoyed seventh inning. Others see the relaxed moral standards and the extravagant buying of non-essentials instead of war bonds, as tactics to undermine both the war effort and the peace to follow.

Any defense of the high tension hilarity now on display throughout the land must be the defense of reason, not excuse. Part of it springs from the undercurrents of a war hysteria born of family upheaval, disrputed routine, pressure and worry. From those unhappy adjuncts of war, scarcely an individual is immune today, and reactions depend on personal temperament and stability. Actually, much of the gayety on the home front is about as carefree underneath the grease paint as the joke on the lips of a Marine under fire.

Regardless of all that, the raucous scene of extravagance and careless conduct cannot be pardoned for its uphappy effect on boys home from the battle lines, nor for its damaging waste to the nation as a whole. its imprint will remain long after the war is finished. That is the historic pattern for wartime.

Many workers in the war centers, spending too much of their new high salaries on 40 dollar hats, watered highballs and race tickets instead of paying their old bills and buying war bonds, will fervently wish on the morning peace dawns that they had played a more sensible role in the great drama.

And those parents who are participating in the bonanza at the expense of the neglect of young daughters and sons will find, when they get their feet on the ground again, that the youngsters haven't.

The same attitudes that disgust the serviceman irk the thoughtful civilian just as sorely. Tightening up the laws would rectify little in the situation — unless perhaps some changes could be made in the laws of human nature.

Peace eventually will bring a swing toward steadier standards. In the meantime, the best stabilizer probably is the continued critical comment of the fighting men who believe the home front spree could be tempered about 90 per cent, with wholesome effect on the war effort, and no danger of lugubriousness.

LABOR LEADERS DISPUTE COST OF LIVING FIGURES

Organized labor and labor members of the War Labor Board have irately declared that the cost of living figures prepared and issued by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor were inaccurate, definitely charging that they were altogether too low. As a result of these charges an expert and neutral audit and check of these figures, as well as the method used in compiling them has been made by the American Statistical Association. This association made an exhaustive survey, it also held hearings and heard from witnesses from all the groups. Now the White House has announced that the 40 year old index as used by the Bureau of Labor Statistics has been upheld by a nonpartisan committee of experts. In spite of these findings a minority group in the presidential committee composed of labor union members still insist that the figures are incorrect and that the cost of living since January, 1942, has risen 43.5% rather than the 24% shown by the official figures of the Bureau and sustained by the American Statistical Association in the president's committee.

GRASS VALLEY MAY ADVERTISE HEALTH BENEFITS

The Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce at its luncheon meeting yesterday named a committee to investigate a plan to advertise the city as climatically suitable for the relief of those, suffering from asthma or sinus troubles. Named on the committee were Dr. O. F. Lang, chairman, Art Rumpel and E. R. Ingalls.

Dr. Lang, also chairman of a committee investigating several sites suitable for an airfield, stated that examinations of some fields were still to be made and that the committee was not yet ready to make a report.

Vernon Stoll, president, named a publicity committee consisting of E. R. Ingalls, chairman, J. C. Tyrrell and Harold Robinson. A letter was read from Capt. A. B. Wolf, chief of the Royal Nederlands Air Force flyers who recently enjoyed a rest period in Grass Valley, warmly thanking the chamber for its hospitality while they were here, and declaring that he and his cormades were amazed at the low prices for all kinds of merchandise offered for sale in Grass Valley. He stated that this is far different from their usual experience in the towns and villages situated near great military camps.

A letter was received from the Pacific Motor Transport, which seeks to purchase the trucking business of the Nevada County Narrow Gauge, asking that a committee be named to ascertain the sentiments of the business community respecting this transfer. Brooks Hartman was named to head the committee, assisted by O. P. Steele, William Davey and Alvon Jones.

COMMONWEALTH CLUB WOULD BAN LABOR STOPPAGE

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Machinery to settle industrial relations disputes, after voluntary means fail and before strikes or lockouts are permitted, should be established now for the post war era, the Commonwealth Club of California recommended today by a majority of nine to one in a membership ballot in which 1100 members participated.

The Club opposed repeal of the Wagner Act (414 yes, 589 no) but favored requiring both unions and employer collective bargaining organizations to incorporate (about 4-1) and supply periodic financial reports to the public (about 5-1).

A three year study by the Club's Industrial Relations Section, and submission of its report with arguments pro and con to all Club members, preceded the ballot.

Arbitration decisions should be legally enforceable (908 yes, 113 no) the Club voted, and strikes should be prohibited as means of settling jurisdictional disputes (894 yes, 158 no.)

Government supervised secret ballots should be required before either strikes or lockouts are called, a large majority believed (about 9-1). A smaller majority (590 yes, 444 no) favored a law forbidding agreements that employees shall be hired only through the union.

The Club voted in favor of employment of women on equal terms with men for jobs for which they are equally qualified (780 yes, 252 no), and for their eligibility for union membership on the same basis as men (859 yes, 163 no.)

The Club also opposed restriction by either management (130 yes, 911 no, or labor (40 yes, 1015 no) in use of technological developments.

DIPHTHERIA IMMUNIZATION

Doctors, nurses and assistants on Wednesday administered 515 diphtheria immunization treatments to 575 school and pre-school children and vaccinated 425 against small pox. Not all those applying could be served as regards vaccinations, but those who were not have been asked to return in three weeks, when the second treatment for diphtheria will be given.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder if the gifties now
The canny gift will gie us,
To look in our ain hearts an' see
Ourselves as ithers see us;
An' help us walk with gude intent
Amang our human brithers,
Seein' the motes in our ain eyes
As weel as those in ithers.

When spring comes, with all her endearing charms of form and color, to a winter weary land, activity is intensified in every department of human endeavor. Farmers plow and seed the fallow fields, cattlemen inspect the grassy ranges, orchardists prune and cultivate budding trees and vines. Business men appraise their assets and liabilities and replace depreciated merchandise with that which is new and desirable.

The home maker indulges in an orgie of house cleaning. Doors and windows are opened wide, the house is flooded with fresh air and sunlight and the task goes briskly on until every vestige of winter's dust and grime have been removed and the home restored to the desired state of cleanliness and order.

In the presence of the young goddess Spring, we see our farms, orchards, offices and homes as ithers see them and are fired with ambition to make all necessary changes. Spring is the time for renovating, retdjustment, replacement and rejuvenating. Anticipation thrills the air about us and hope whispers, "this will be a better year than the last one—if you do your part."

Sometimes, under the spell of spring's enchantment, we actually see our individual selves as ithers see us and make up our minds to consider the frailities of that person whom we speak of as "I and me." If this task is undertaken in the light of reason and with the torch of humor, it may prove to be not only beneficial but entertaining as well.

In that mysterious citidel, the mind, we may find some things which we no longer wish to retain; little petty envies, foolish supersititions and unjust intolerances which may well be replaced with that wider genesosity, so necessary at this time. Are we hampered by doubts and fears? Then put them away. We stand now in the dawn of a new year. Opportunity calls and the trail leads on.

I quote a selection from the Sanscrit, written one thousand years B. C.

SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

"This is the salutation of the dawn! Look to this day,
For it is life—the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities and the realties of our existence.
The bliss of growth, the joy of action, the splendor of beauty.
For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes a very yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorro wa vision of hope.
Look well therefore, to this day. Such is the salutation of the dawn."—A. Merriam Conner.

U. S.—MOST WASTEFUL NATION

A great deal has been said and manuscripts have been written concerning the post war advent of newly developed materials for houses, furniture, automobiles, tools, clothing and even food.

The promises are exciting and anticipation of the coming wonders is keen, for Americans revere the new and modern, and by the same token have small regard for the obsolete.

It is questioned, nevertheless, whether many of the materials considered important enough to salvage during war time are not sufficiently important to utilize practically in peace as well. Bombs and ammunition will not be needed after the shooting stops, but it would seem plausible that some civilian use might be found for many of the precious things the nation has been saving from the waste bins by millions of tons for war uses. If it is gross waste today to discard paper, rubber, leather, bones, fats, metals, wool, silk and cloth scraps, then it must constitute a loss of some kind to throw those things in the furnace at any time.

Britain, always a less improvident nation than this, has found the results of its "war on waste" so valuable that salvage will become a permanent feature of post war industry. Methods have been perfected to recondition carbon paper; coal rust is made into briquettes for English hearths; soot is used profitably as fertilizer; and ten new uses have been found for sawdust.

The average householder knows little about that type of salvage, but he is wondering today about the peacetime possibilities of the kind he learned during the war. He has never cared much anyhow for the dubious designation America has earned as the "most wasteful nation on earth." The title has won us no particular respect among nations, and it would be a pleasant riddance to shuck it off if possible—Contributed.

WHAT'LL WE EAT TONIGHT?

A short time ago actress Billie Burke gave a zany performance in which she ordered for her dinner party delectable foreign foods from the four corners of the world—delivered by rocket. It was cooked, garnished and ready to serve on arrival.

The act was not so zany as we thought at the time, it appears. Considering the strides both processing and transportation are making now, it seems entirely possible that precooked delicacies from almost any part of the globe soon may be available to dinner tables here. Quick-freezing is the key that may open the Pandora box of exotic eatables.

Plans are being made all over the nation for handling food in such a manner, with everything from fresh baked bread and apple pie to french fried potatoes and creamed peas fast-frozen and flown across country for diners far away. A national magazine mentions at least one Californian, Clifford Clinton of Los Angeles, who will utilize the new process to speed production and eliminate waste in his restaurant chain.

Among our pioneer ancestors, a man with a wife who couldnt cook was in very unfortunate if not dangerous circumstances So is such a man today, unless he can eat out or hire a cook. But it looks as though the day is almost at hand when the ability to set good table will depend on one's grocer in Bpenos Aires, Cadiz or Bombay. Soon foreign menus will be as familiar as our own, even if we can't figure out exactly what's in the bortsch, our palates suddenly will become "cosmopolitan."

The only trouble remaining will be that Old Debil Meal Planning, the pestering bugaboo of most housewives today, and probably tomorrow, too. With all the world's finest food at ur doorsteps, somebody still will have to decide daily that perennial 64-dollar question: "What'll we eat tonight?"-Contributed.

REPUBLICAN OBJECTIVES

Republicans in congress are firm in their determination that the legislative branch of the federal government shall assume its prerogative as set forth in the Constitution. Recent historic developments demonstrate that in this determination they have the aid and support of Democrats now in revolt against playing the role of being rubber stamps to the executive branch of the government.

Republican party leaders, furthermore, have a positive and constructive program as they make progress in re-establishing the prestige of congress as a coordinate branch of the government. In a Lincoln Day address Congressman Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts, able leader of the Republican minority in the House of Representatives, outlined the following Republican objectives: (1) Winning the war; (2) Defend the Constitution; (3) Eliminate waste and extravagance in expenditures; (4) Simplification of tax returns; (5) Tax reform based on capacity to pay; (6) Plan for return of men and women from fighting fronts to real jobs—not doles or handouts; (7) Care for disabled veterans, rehabilitation for the maimed and restoration of lost educational opportunties; (8) Maintenance of private enterprise; (9) Return of power from bureaucrats to the people; (10) Guard against increasing regimentation; (11) Better care of aged; (12) End of class prejudices and preferences and cleavage to American ideals and American institutions.—Contributed.

SPEAKING OF BILLIONS

In these days of billions, instead of millions, how many of us really appreciate just how much a billion dollars is? To the average person it's just an awful lot of money.

Statisticians have figured out, however, that if a person born at the time of Christ had been given a billion dollars to spend at the rate of $1,000 a day and could live until his money was gone, he would still have about 800 years to go By now he would just about have finished spending his first seven hundred million dollars!

Read that last paragraph again; then reflect soberly on this astounding fact: During 1943 federal expenditures totalley 88 billion dollars, or approximately 241 million dollars every 24 hours.

Do you envy the members of the appropriation committee in congress who are now holding hearings on the one hundred billion dollar federal budget for the next fiscal year? —Contributed.

HOME FRONT HEADACHE—FOR HITLER

The Hitler devised scheme of rebuilding the war-spent ranks of German labor with millions of captured or impressed Frenchmen, Russians, Poles and Jews, is a bulging powder keg under the Reich, expected momentarily to explode. Once hailed by the Axis as a master stroke for victory, the device turns out to be a booby trap planted in the soil of the Fatherland. And it's just about ready to backfire.

This week, just a year ago, the Nazi press and radio enthusiastically applauded the "slave" labor program. "It we succeed—as we shall—in mobilizing 300 million as soldiers and workers, Russia is absolutely defeated," said the official communiques. "Foreign workers have increased production and their attitude is better than ever."

This week, 1944, millions of enemy workers within the gates constitute a home front headache second only to that caused by the pounding of bombs on the Wilhelmstrasse.

Forty per cent of all labor in Germany is now performed by twelve million foreign "slaves," and it is growing on the public conscience that despite all precautions of the military police, untold numbers of the imported enemy are armed, awaiting the hour to strike.

Many Germans, it is reported, feel that the hour is near, and they are not sleeping so easily on their pillows at night, as in the days when they still believed Hitler's assurances that the strongholds of the Reich were impregnable. If the Fuehrers steel cannot turn aside the world's retribution from without, what, they must wonder, can it avail when the tremendous forces of vengeance strike from within?—Contributed.

HISTORICAL SIDELIGHTS

Editor's Note: Cities and towns of Northern and Central California have had a colorful and romantic past, the salient facts of which are known to most Californians. However, much interesting information about the early days of these communities is sometimes overlooked. With no pretense to historical completeness, the San Francisco Regional Service Committee has assembled some of this data in a series of which this is the sixteenth.

So full of romantic incidents is San Franciscos colorful history that many books have been written about it. But a few of the less familiar historical highlights are commonly overlooked. Did you know, for intance, that:

The site of the main public library was once Yerba Buena Cemetery, out in the sanddunes.

St. Peter's and St. Paul's church, at Washington Square, was used as background for the spectacular De Mille silent picture. "The Ten Commandments."

The only Chinese telephone exchange outside of China stands where Sam Brannan published the "California Star" San Francisco's first newspaper.

The first brick house on Market street stood on the site of the present Hearst Building. And the Emporium, San Francisco's largest department store, occupies the first site of St. Ignatius College, now the University of San Francisco.

A flagpole in Portsmouth Square (then the Plaza) marks the spot where Captain John B. Montgomery in 1846 first raised the United States flag over the city.

The old Ship Building, on Montgomery street is the last of the schooners beached and transformed into business buildings when their crews abandoned them during the gold rush—while the Phoenix Building, also on Montgomery street, was erected in 1858 on a foundation made of hulls of deserted ships piled on the mud flats.

The oldest private house in San Francisco, at Chestnut and Hyde streets, was built in 1852 entirely of materials brought around the Horn —while the oldest building in the city is the Officers' Club at the Presidio—Commandante Jose Joaquin Moraga's headquarters in 1776.

San Francisco's first name—Yerba Buena—came from the aromatic vine, mistakenly called wild mint, which grew in the underbrush of the sand wastes around the bay.

ADJUSTMENT PAY FOR DAIRYMEN FARM WAGE RATE

BERKELEY, March 13.—Continuance of the dairy feed adjustment payment was announced this morning by the War Food Administration, according to telegraphic advice received by Dave Davidson, chairman of the California State AAA Committee. "February adjustment payment rates continue at 50 cents per cwt. of fluid milk, and 6 cents per pound of butterfat, as announced on February 2," Davidson said. "The March and April rates show a sharp increase to 8 cents per pound for butterfat deliveries in all counties in California, and 70 cents per cwt. for fluid milk deliveries in eight Southern California counties; and 60 cents per cwt, fluid milk in all other California counties.

"Payments will be made through County AAA offices as in the past. Payments for February will be made during the latter part of March, as soon as date from milk receivers concerning deliveries can be made available. Increasing production costs primarily feed. Davidson declared, have threatened dairy production within the state and the adjustment payment is aimed at relieving the squeeze on the dairyman thus caught between rising costs and a fixed ceiling for his product.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3-513p

FOR SALE—80 New Hampshire Red laying hens. Not a year old until May. $1.50 per hen. All or any number. Mrs. C. E. Pope, North San Juan, Calif. 3 94 tp

ATTENTION FARMERS! JUST RECEIVED — A large shipment of Heavy Duty 45 V. Batteries and 1½V. -90 V. Farm Packs — Art's Radio Hospital Sound Service, 112 South Church Street, Grass Valley, Phone 948. 2-6-18c

WANTED—Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 12-13tf

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING — Loud Speaker Systems for Rent. Complete stock of portable and large type radio batteries. ART'S RADIO HOSPITAL — Specialists in Radio ills. 112 South Church Street, Grass Valley. Phone 984. 2-19tf

Tyler's
Photo Finishing
PORTRAITS
97 Mill Street, Grass Valley
Phone 2-W

MEAT IS NEEDED even when budget is limited

Keystone Market

DAVE RICHARDS, Prop.

213 Commercial Street
Phone 67 Nevada City

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NEVADA CITY

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THE NUGGET

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WNU RELEASE

JAP DUD SPARES LIFE OF MARINE

By TSgt. Milburn McCarthy, Jr.

BOUGAINVILLE, (Delayed) — There's at least one U. S. Marine alive today because of a mechanical error made by a Japenese war worker.

The Marine Pfs. Anthony Martin of Los Angeles, Calif., had a 125-pound bomb hit two feet from his head. It failed to go off.

Pfc. Martin was flattened out in his foxhole but that wouldn't have saved him if the bomb had exploded. Only two feet away, the blast would have torn through the wall of the foxhole and filled Pfc. Martin full of Japenese shrapnel.

"It was one tough night," related 22 year old Pfc. Martin, a full-blooded Blackfoot Indian who used to box professionally around Los Angeles.

Felt Bomb As It Struck

"I heard the planes diving", he said. "Then I heard the stick of bombs coming. "Whooosh, whooosh," they screamed. My stomach muscles dug me six inches deeper in my foxhole.

"Then the whole earth shook, explosions went off all over the place. and I felt something shove the bottom of my foxhole up in my face.

"Our ack-ack was filling the sky at the same time, and there were so many explosions I didn't know what was coming off. But since nothing more happened to me I figured the nearest bomb explosion was about 50 yards away, and that was what had shaken the bottom of my foxhole.

"Since bombs were still dropping and ack-ack still going, I didn't dare stick my head up. So I went back to sleep. After all. I didn't have enough strength to stay awake."

At dawn, when Pfc. Martin awoke he looked over the rim of his foxhole and saw the fin of the bomb. The bomb had dug into the ground. Plowing diagonally, its nose had stopped directly under Pfc. Martin's foxhole.

"When I saw that fin I sure scrammed out of there," he said.

New Maps To Aid Miners In Tahoe Forest

To aid miners and others to determine land status within the boundaries of the Tahoe National Forest, large scale colored maps are being prepared by the forest service for posting or filing at the County Recorder's office of the respective county court houses, states Forest Supervisor Guerdon Ellis. The maps, besides showing patented and government land will show land withdrawn for power purposes.

The map for Sierra County has been prepared and presented to the county by District Ranger Frank B. Delaney of Downieville. Rangers Beardsley and Barnes of Forest Hill and Big Bend respectively, are preparing a similar map for Placer County to be posted at the Auburn Court House.

Sutter County is the only county in California in which the federal government owns no land.

Political Advertisement
J. L. "JERRY" SEAWELL
FOR
State Senator
7TH SENATORIAL DISTRICT
Primary Election
Tuesday, May 16, 1944

How 10¢ can help you "feel like a million" if sluggish, due to temporary CONSTIPATION
If INDIGESTION, GAS PRESSURE, HEADACHES due to temporary constipation are slowing you down, try a cup of GARFIELD TEA. Feel better, work better, look better, without drastic drugs. 10c, 25c at drugstores. (AS A PRECAUTION, USE AS DIRECTED)
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CHAPTER II

Lew reflected that he needed only cattle or money to stock his Wyoming ranch. . . . That brought him back to Tom Arnold's letter, puzzled and wondering, sure of one thing. Tom's promises were never small.

"You come south and boss this trail drive for me," the letter said, "and I'll make you a proposition."

As always when riding the Little Comanche certain familiar landmarks rose ahead, each one with a special meaning, and he could see in them the ten years he had spent here, ever since he was a homeless, drifting kid of fourteen and Tom Arnold had taken him in.

He could see those growing years of school and ranch life and the close, wild companionship of Three Apaches—himself and Joy and Steve. In his young way then he had thought it would go on like that as long as they lived. The three of them would always be together. Even earlier in that evening of the Ox Bow dance, a year ago, there had been nothing to warn him. That was why it had struck so hard.

He remembered Joy's strange silence on the ride home, with Clay Manning holding his horse close to her stirrup, his talk and laughter even more gusty than usual; and then the secret that had burst from him against Joy's sudden protest, "No, Clay! Not yet!"

But Clay had said, "Why not? I'll tell the whole world, honey, you're going to be my wife!"

He remembered how that word "wife" had struck into his brain. She was only a little girl! But then he had looked across his saddle at her in a new way, brought by that word, and she was no longer a little girl; she was a woman, nineteen, ready to marry a man.

Something had ended for him that night, something he had taken for granted and counted on, unknowingly, until it was suddenly gone. He had tried to fill that gap with a new life in Wyoming and knew now that he never could. It was not only Joy, he realized. It was what the three of them had had together, himself and Joy and Steve.

Guardedly, with all his alert senses centered on the dark choked growth of Crazy Woman's mouth, he moved across the narrow entrance at a slow pace, watching for sign. He listened for the chatter of blue jays, those dependable traitors of men moving or in camp. But the dim canyon was completely silent. Then in a sand wash below the opening he came upon a swath of tracks and halted to read them with a detailed care.

They were all of horses, unshod, all going into Crazy Woman, none coming out. That would have been the bunch, he judged, which old Willy Nickle had told about last night. At least twenty in the herd. He shook his head gravely. Unless Tom Arnold was more overstocked on horseflesh than he ever had been this cutting was bad. It would take a hundred saddle animals for his men going up the trail.

He rode out of the wash and found no sign that the rustlers had returned to the valley. Farther on a swell in the bottom land lifted him up for a full view down the Little Comanche, and in this clear sunlight of afternoon he could see the dark sprawl of Cross T buildings, fifteen miles away—the end of his month-long journey.

He urged his black horse forward, and in another hour, when a patch of willow at Ten Mile Spring blocked the way, it was his eagerness that made him cut into an opening through the trunks instead of going around. He knew instantly it was a mistake.

Nothing had warned him. This was an isolated five acres of growth on the barren valley floor. But it was also, he saw at once, an ideal lookout post for the men stationed here.

His first urge was to rein back and make a run. Yet it was already too late for that. Four men had spread out in a little clearing directly ahead of him, hands close to their holstered guns. And then, even as the urge ran through him and was gone, he knew that whatever game he was to play here on the Little Comanche would have to open some time. He might as well open it now.

He rode in and stepped down from his saddle, while the outspread four closed in again to face him across the ashes of their camp. He nodded. "How are you, gentlemen? Had my eyes peeled for bucks and feathers. Glad to see white men again." He jerked his head south. "Maybe you can tell me how far to Ox Bow town?"

That eased them. It placed him as a stranger. He saw the tight readiness go out of their arms a little.

One asked, "You headed for Ox Bow?"

"And beyond," he said. He pulled out his pipe and loaded it, explaining, "Been coming down the trail." Squatting, he searched the ashes for a live coal. He found the ashes warm with a bed of fire underneath. So these men had cooked a noon meal here and were waiting—for what?

Rising, he faced the one man who had spoken. "What's the brand on this range?"

The answer came gruffly, "Cross T. Know it?"

He shook his head. "New to me." The man was hard to place, squat and powerfully built, black-bearded over a pugnacious jaw, shrewd gray eyes. There was the look of the cattleman about him, except for his hands. Even gloves could not have protected them so much from the calluses and burns of a cowman's rope. They were soft; the skin above his wrists was white.

The squat man asked, "What outfit?"

"Circle Dot," Lew said, naming a brand far to the south.

He saw the gray eyes hold a moment's speculation, move to the other three men and pause, and there seemed a silent question asked and answered. They came back then, veiled behind drooping lids. "You looking for a trail job?"

"No, not yet. I aim to get my old one with the Circle Dot." He knocked out his pipe and put it in the side pocket of his rawhide coat, standing there afterward with the thumb of his right hand hooked over the pocket edge.

"If you've been north three times and know enough," the man suggested, "maybe you can get a better deal here. What routes do you know?"

"My own," he said and smiled faintly. "And that knowledge comes high."

"Keep it then!"

"Sure, I'm not asking you for a job." Puzzled, he turned away. He had thought this was a camp of horse thieves.

"Well, I'll tell you." The decision came slowly, still with a guarded reluctance. "We need a good man. We're shorthanded on a herd starting north tomorrow. The right kind can draw seventy a month."

That was almost double the usual wage. Lew grinned. "What's wrong with the color of your herd?"

"Nothing. It goes out of here with a clean bill of sale. We're traveling fast, that's all. I'm willing to pay for a man who knows some short cuts."

"I see." He had his information, a big herd, going north tomorrow to

"Nobody asked you to talk so much! Now then, school's out."

Ogallala or beyond. He turned himself a little, facing squarely toward the four bunched men. "It's a tempting offer. But I guess not."

He saw their quick suspicion and the move that all four started to make. But his own right hand hooked on his coat pocket had only to drop slightly and the gun came up in the curved grip of his fingers.

Under its level aim the group froze. Dryly he said, "Nobody asked you to talk so much! Now then, school's out."

Moving backward slowly, he reached around with his left hand for the bridle reins of his horse. He watched the four men. They held their hands rigidly away from their guns.

His groping fingers touched the reins' smooth leather. He heard the animal's nostrils rattle in a snort, felt a quick pull, yet could not take his eyes from the men. He started to say, "Easy, boy—" when a rope slapped out of the air behind him, pinned his arms and jerked him over backward to the ground.

Afterward, coming out of the sudden darkness that a downward blow against his jaw had brought, he felt first the dull ache where he had been struck and then the tight rope that held him. He was lying off at one side of the camp, where they had bound him with the thoroughness of experts, ankles together, hands tied behind his back, a length of rope snubbing him close to the trunk of a tree. All five were crouched now at the ashes of their fire, again in that attitude of waiting.

It was still another moment before he caught the drumming run of a horse. Unchecked, the rush of hoofbeats aimed in toward the willows, slowing only when they reached the outer edge. Then the rider entered with no signal—someone wholly familiar in the camp.

He twisted his head for a better look, but could see no more than a dim shape of man and animal blended together. A voice growled, "You're late!"

The blended shape moved a little. The rider's answer seemed forced out of him in a desperate way: "You're lucky I came at all! I told you last night there'd be no more!"

Something cold and hard tightened down the long length of his body. He'd recognize this voice anywhere. Clay Manning!

"I've filled your bargain. I'm through!"

"You think so!" There was a shifting movement of the dim figures standing on the ground. "We don't. Quit now and you know what happens."

"That's what I rode to tell you." Clay Manning's voice and the blurred whirling of his horse came in the same instant. "Not tonight!"

One of the group yelled, "Stop him!" and a gun's yellow flame streaked across the dark. But the crash of Clay Manning's horse through the willows continued, and then he was running free down the valley floor.

The men made a quick shuttling movement among the trees; Lew heard the slap of saddles and cinch leather. Then someone came and bent over him, jerked at the knots, testing them, and without a word ran back. The horses were visible now and the shapes of the riders swinging up. He heard a moment's mutter of talk, like a plan being made and changed and suddenly decided upon. Bolting from the camp, they, too, aimed their headlong run toward the south.

Twisting, he made another savage attempt to loosen the ropes until the breath went out of him in a gasp of their cutting pain. And when he dropped back again, face up, a man was standing over him in the dark.

"Thought so!" said old Willy Nickle and came silently forward. "Fixin' to get yourself rubbed out, so you were. Don't you never take an old coon's advice, no sirree!" The sharp blade of his scalping knife parted the loops of rope.

Forcing his stiffened body up onto legs that had gone numb, Lew said, "I had to know." He threw open the camp bedrolls until he found one where his gun had been hidden.

"So you did," old Willy admitted. He wiped the knife on his greased sleeve. "Seems like I was watching from the rims. Saw you come in here. Never saw you come out. But didn't them five go south in a hurry? And what for?"

"You don't know?" Lew asked. His horse was in the willows, the pack mule near by. He was up in his saddle when old Willy answered, "Couldn't say. Was a fire off south after sundown, too far to tell what."

Lew nodded. The horse was moving. Behind him Willy Nickle warned, "They'll lift your hair yet, boy. You better watch!"

Then the black's strong lunge carried him beyond the spring and he was out on the open valley floor, running, with the mule trailing somewhere in the dark. He was soon at the Cross T.

The house seemed wholly deserted. He was not aware that a front door had opened until he had stepped down from his saddle, off at a little distance from the building's shadowed adobe wall. Then a faint glow of light from some inner room made an inch-wide slit along the door's casement. He stood rooted, knowing the darkness shielded him, determined to let the watcher speak first.

His sense of everything wrong here settled upon him with a heavy weight; the empty corrals, the silence, the absence of Cross T men. The faint slit of light widened a little.

"Who is it?" The demand came quick and sharp, hardly more than a tight whisper.

He didn't move. "Joy!"

"Lew!" The door swung back. She made a small dark figure rushing toward him.

He caught her and her arms went around him and clung with something desperate and almost fierce in their grip. "Lew!" she said again. And then, "I can't believe it!"

She held herself back from him a little, and in the turbulence of his own feeling in this moment he did a thing he had not intended to do. He bent his head. Her mouth pressed warm and sweet against his own.

Holding her, all the month-long ache was swept from his body. His tiredness was gone. It was like hunger satisfied. She moved first, drawing away, and he asked, "Joy, what's happened?"

"I don't know!" The fear he had quieted broke into her quickened voice again. "Our grass stacks were burned late this afternoon, and a little while ago Clay rode in and said something to Dad. I didn't hear. But all the men went with him."

"Where?"

"Down the valley. Our trail herd's been gathered there on the flats."

He took her hands. "Are you alone?"

"No. Owl-Head's here."

"Then I've got to go. I can help."

She gripped him. "But I haven't even seen you! Wait, Lew. Wait a little—"

A sudden burst of gunfire rattled in the distance. A rumble like far-off thunder trembled up from the valley mouth.

In the first moments of running his horse beyond the ranch buildings he couldn't place the direction of that low rumble. It vibrated in the air all around him, louder now, coming close. Then he was out of the shadowy growth of the valley bottom, and against the barren plain he could see a black flood of longhorns pouring east across that open land.

He veered off to cut in at the head of the stampede, drawing his gun. A dust fog rolled out to meet him; the clack of horns and hoofs and the heavy breathing of perhaps four thousand animals swept aside every other sound.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REGISTRATION OF STATE VOTERS AT LOW EBB

SACRAMENTO, March 13.—Hitting the lowest point in 14 years, California's current voters' registration totals 2,765,817, or 1,104 958 less than the last general election in 1942, it was announced today by Frank M. Jordan, Secretary of State.

Nevada County's registration total of 7,047, of which 3,838 are Democrat and 3,024 are Republicans.

At the same time Jordan disclosed the communist party is barred from participating in the coming consolidated primary election by reason it failed to garner 2,766 registrations or one-tenth of one per cent of the total registration. The communist party registered only 651 persons.

Of the total registration the Democratic party accounted for 1,599,495 and the Republicans 1,067,949, a Democratic majority of 531,546.

This showed the Democrats lost 700,711 registrations as compared to 1942 and the Republicans 302,120.

The Democrats obtained 57.83 per cent of the total registration; Republicans 38.61 per cent; Prohibition .19 per cent; communist .02 per cent; miscellaneous .33 per cent; declined to state 3.02 per cent.

The Prohibition registration totaled 5,136; miscellaneous 9,158; declined to state 83,428.

The largest registration—1,160,774—came from Los Angeles County with 681,797 Democrats and 421,843 Republicans, Alpine county with 196 registration, 60 Democrats and 133 Republicans was the smallest in the state.

The total registration showed 48 counties held Democratic majorities and 10 Republican.

VFW AUXILIARY MEETING

Banner Mountain Post, VFW Auxiliary held an interesting meeting Thursday evening with a large attendance of members. After close of the meeting all members were given scissors and they "snipped" cloth for "fracture" pillows for the Red Cross. Community singing and refreshments brought the evening to a close. The auxiliary gave $5 to the Red Cross drive which is on now.

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP FICTITIOUS NAME

State of California
County of Nevada. ss.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners, transacting business in the County of Nevada, State of California, under the firm name and style of TWIN CITY GRAVEL COMPANY; that the names in full of all the members of such copartnership are ELMER FRANCIS FISCHER and WILLIAM HALE CAREY; and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands, this 16th day of February 1944.

Elmer Francis Fischer, Nevada City, California.
William Hale Carey, Grass Valley, California.

State of California
County of Nevada, ss

On this 16th day of February, 1944, before me H. Ward Sheldon, a Notary Public in and for the County of Nevada, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, Elmer Francis Fischer and William Hale Carey, known to me to be the persons whose name are subscribed to the foregoing certificate and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the County of Nevada, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

H. WARD SHELDON
Notary Public in and for the County of Nevada, State of California.
Feb. 21-28, Mar. 6-13.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that a General Municipal Election will be held in the City of Nevada on Tuesday the 11th day of April, 1942 for the election of the following officers for the full term of four years.

City Councilman.
City Councilman.
City Councilman.

There will be one voting precinct for the purpose of holding said election, consisting of the consolidation of the regular election precincts established for holding State of County Elections as follows: Consolidated Voting Precinct A comprising State and County precincts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

Polling places for said Consolidated Precinct A shall be the City Hall on Broad Street. The polls shall be open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Election officers for Consolidated Election Precinct A are as follows: Judge, Mary Hoskins; inspector, Lulu Jones; Clerks, Clara Phillips and Minnie Sandow.

Dated: March 6th, 1944.

GEO. H. CALANAN,
City Clerk.

WITH OUR BOYS IN GLOBAL WAR

Cpl. William Rickard—

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rickard received a letter Thursday from their son William Rickard that he had just received his rating as a corporal. He is an inspector in link training department of the air service in Williams Field, Arizona. He also wrote he had been doing some night flying lately.

Elwood Farnsworth—

Elwood Farnsworth, pharmicist mate first class stationed at Mare Island underwent severe surgery in a tonsil operation the latter part of last week. He is getting along nicely. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Farnsworth of this city.

Lester Hubbard—

Lester Hubbard, athletic specialist, third class, came up from Terminal Island and is now enjoying a ten day leave here with his wife and son. Hubbard was deputy sheriff and city officer before entering service and is enjoying meeting many friends.

Everett Angove—

Everett Angove, son of Ernest Angove of Pine street, is here on a two week's furlough enjoying every minute of his time at home. He is in the material squadron at Smoky Hill, Salina, Kansas.

James R. Davis—

James R. Davis, son of Mrs. Beth Davis, is enjoying a fifteen day furlough here. He is stationed at Camp White, Oregon.

Bill Laird, U. S. Marine—

Bill Laird son of Mrs. Paul Jurkovich of this city, is now trying to change over from the marine supply base to the fleet division of marine. He is still in the south Pacific. Bill has been in service two years.

Donald Dillingham—

Mrs. Eva McKnight returned the latter part of the week from a visit with a daughter and family in Los Angeles. She attended the graduation exercises of her grandson, Donald Dillingham from high school and military studies. He now enters U. S. Navy.

Like a friend from Home...your

RED CROSS is at his side!

YOUR American Red Cross hut may be a grass shack "down under" —a dugout in desert sand or a tin roof sod house in the Arctic. But inside it's Home — comforting and warm—right at his side on 53 foreign fields of this war.

Your dollars working through the Red Cross War Fund become a voice from home to cheer him when homesick, to ease his worries, to give him comfort at any time any place, even if he were taken prisoner. If he were wounded to give him blood and surgical dressings to bind his wounds.

The Red Cross War Fund quota in '44 is unprecedented in size to meet unprecedented needs. Be generous in your giving in this year of war.

Red Cross WAR FUND

87% for services to armed forces

10 X W-344

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Excellent Service—Best Food

8TH AND K STREET, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

TOY AND JACOBS. JACK BRUNO, Manager

GOLDEN EAGLE, WEATHER SHARP TAKES HOLIDAY

On Monday, March 6, word was received at the Truckee Ranger Station that the weather observer, stationed one mile west of Truckee had been missing 30 hours and help was requested for a searchnig party. Under the direction and leadership of District Ranger H. I. Snider at Truckee, a party consisting of Fire Control Assistant Nelson S. Stone and Dispatcher William F. Curran was formed.

The small party of searchers picked up the trail of the observer a short distance from his home and continued to follow him up the steep terrain that bordered his home. With arduous climbing with skis and snowshoes, the observer was found. But as was his habit, he had taken to the air and was sitting on a limb of a huge pine tree. The three searchers after considerable consultation, decided a snowball in the right spot would bring him to the ground, where a blanket and rope could be used to return him home. He was chased from tree to tree and worked down the hill to within a short distance of his cage, but finally lit in the top of a very tall tree where his wings weakened by long confinement he decided to stay. A few well aimed shots of snow connected, but he made no attempt to return to the ground. As was his heredity, he liked sitting on limbs in high trees and there he sat as the search ended at nightfall.

The smart old golden eagle that has been the storm prophet for the past five years at the Gateway Motel believes more in freedom than a good "horse meat" dinner. He never failed to scream about 12 hours before precipitation fell on his cage. Further attempts to recapture will be made.

INCREASE FORMS AVAILABLE

As the first step in applying for War Food Administration approval of increasing agricultural wage rates to figures above the rate of $2400 per year, farm operators will make application on Form OL-91 now available at the office of the county USDA War Board at the NID office, it was announced here today by L. E. Sleeman, chairman.

The chairman pointed out that under authority of the Anti-Inflation Law, passed by congress October 2 1942 the War Food Administrator issued regulations on January 17, 1944 which have the effect of "freezing' farm wages at whatever level they had reached on January 17, provided they were at the rate of $2400 per year or higher. Agricultural wage or salaries rates below $2400 per year are not subject to control, and may be increased without approval, but in no case above $2400 per year without securing prior approval of the increase.

Labor costs constitute provable the largest single item in costs of production, Sleeman declared. So with ceiling prices on most of the commodities raised by farm operators the new regulations are aimed at relieving the 'squeeze' without raising the price of commodities, thus adding to inflation, because farm operators cannot continue potentially profitless operations indefinitely.

In general, three conditions must be met in securing WFA approval of increases in agricultural wage rates, the chairman explained. First: adjustments in wage rates to compensate for increased cost of living, similar to the plan of the "little steel" formula in industry; second, adjustment necessary to bring salaries or wages up to the minimum of tested and going rates; third, adjustments in case of promotions, reclassifications, merit increases, and incentive payments, provided such adjustments do not appreciably increase production costs, either to raise prices or to resist justifiable reductions in prices.

MARCH SNOW

The almond tree is blooming, so
bravely and so early,
Gossamer pink and airy
Like a spring time fairy
Swaying and singing low
Bravely clad in a mantle of
snow.

ROY G. DEETER

The term "staple" used in connection with wool means the tuft or bundle of fibers which naturally cling together in the fleece.

STATE CHAMBER HEAD PLEADS FOR HOME RULE

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Constantly increasing interference in affairs of state and federal government threatens the very existence of our American system of government, James Mussati, general manager of the California State Chamber of Commerce and widely known authority of the Constitution, warned in a statement issued today. Unless this trend is halted and in fact reversed, he declared, a fundamental principle of the Constitution which provides that the governing interests of the states shall be observed by the national government will be destroyed.

"More and more we find the long arm of Washington bureaucracy reaching into our state and local affairs. It is an insidious process which can lead only to ultimate destruction of local initiative and responsibility, to the sacrifice of individual freedom and self-reliance.

"For at least the next generation the all pervading issue of American politics will be the degree of federal influence and control exercised over local governmental and individual activities. It becomes increasingly apparent that if we continue the practice of turning to a vast governmental machine in Washington for solution of our problems, local responsibility and self-direction will be destroyed.

"Federal agencies and bureaus have multiplied to a dangerous degree and they have encroached into practically every field of activity within the states. If this process continues, it is inevitable that the federal system of government will disappear and that state and local government will have no real function to perform.

"There is scarcely a problem presented to local government today which is not directly or indirectly involved with implications and issues related to federal regulations. It is squarely up to us to decide whether or not all initiative and freedom of choice is to be centralized in Washington or whether we are to continue to rely upon local government agencies as the active and dynamic forces in our system of constitutional democracy.

"If we are to preserve our federal system of government we must insist upon restoring and preserving the fundamental principle of home rule. We must conscientionsly analyze the proper scope and functions of our state and local governments. We must decide for ourselves what services they should render to the people. We must define the sphere of their activities. Then we must authorize them to occupy that sphere and hold them responsible for so doing.

"In plain speech this means that we must quit passing the buck. It means that in our own states, in our own counties, in our own cities, and in our own school districts, we must meet the problems that present themselves and work out our own solutions. If we are going to restore local government, we must stop running to Washington for help. We must assume direction and responsibility for local affairs. Our state and local governments must be made more efficient, more responsive to the needs of the people, and more capable of fulfilling their obligations and duties."

License Revocation Hearing Uncontested

Stella Farrenkopf and Frank Swanson of the California Inn, charged with selling liquor to minors failed to appear Thursday at hearing before Referee MacDonald of the State Board of Equalization on a question of whether their liquor license should be suspended or revoked.

Attorney Lynne Kelly, appearing for the pair, stated that they had surrendered their license. Seven minors, testified that they had been served liquor by the two. Testimony was also given by A. W. McGagin county probation officer, Sheriff C. J. Tobiassen, and Russell Farley, law enforcement officer for the board of equalization. The hearing was held to complete the record.

Stella Farrenkopf and Swanson were recently fined $50 each in the justice's court on pleading guilty to the charge of selling liquor to minors.

Mrs. Lavina Rickard of Gold Flat was hostess to the Tahoe National Forest ladies' club in the National Hotel Thursday evening. Twenty members and guests were present at the dinner and cards. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Paul Chesebro pinochle; Mrs. Alice Champie, high and Mrs. Gray, low in whist.

Funeral Services For Late Louis Colombo

Last rites were said Saturday morning in the Holmes Funeral Home chapel for the late Louis Colombo who passed away Thursday in Weimar, Placer County, following a ten months illness. Rev. Virgil Gabrielle conducted the service. Interment was in the Catholic Cemetery.

Colombo ,aged 24 years, was born in Montana, coming to Nevada City as a youngster with his parents. He attended the local schools and on graduation became a truck driver for the Tahoe National Forest.

Surviving are his father, Joseph Colombo of Butte, Montana, a brother, Ernest of this city, and four sisters, Violet and Theresa Colombo of Nevada City, Mrs. A. J. Tapppero of Rough and Ready, and Mrs. Leslie Orzalli of Happy Camp, Siskiyou County.

Pine Seed Strewn Over Burned Area

Ranger Paul Case and Chief Fire Assistant Marc Edmonds were engaged last week in seeding the burned area on the western slopes of Bear Valley to ponderosa and Jeffrey pines. This section was burned over last summer when an oil tank truck went over the bank, caugnt fire and started a conflagration that wiped out 300 acres of forest.

The seed was broadcast in the snow by hand. The foresters state that by the time the snow melts and the seed reaches the ground it will be ready to sprout. Results of reseeding burned areas by this method have proved satisfactory, it was stated.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCullough are enjoying a few days in Nevada City visiting Mrs. McCullough's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wright. McCullough returned from South America two months ago.

BORN

FRENCH— In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 10, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. William French of Nevada City, a daughter.

HENDRIX—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 10 1944, to Sgt. and Mrs. Frederick Hendrix of Camp Beale, a daughter.

GREER—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 11, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. John Greer, a son.

ROCKWELL—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 11, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rockwell, of Manchester, New Hampshire, and Grass Valley, a son.

WILSON—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 8, 1944, to Cpl. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, a daughter.

A petition for letters of administration on the estate of Percy V. Carr, who died February 22nd, was filed Friday. He left no will and his widow, Mrs. Jessica Carr, nominated F. F. Cassidy, to administer the estate.

The estate consists of a warehouse, an office building, trucks, office fixtures and other property valued at $5,000.

Not Girls But Architecture Interests Gilbert Islanders

ABEMAMA, Gilbert Islands, (Delayed) — When a Marine out here tries to impress a native by displaying his favorite picture of his girl friend back home, the native is simply impressed by the style of architecture which usually forms the background.

Some of the Leathernecks have become close friends of the natives and they take pride in showing the men pictures of their loved ones back in the states.

"Now, look at my girl," one of the group of Marines gathered with a native family in the latter's hut will say in perfectly good Micronesian.

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